Rome for good News,

OR,

Good News from

ROME:

In a Dialogue between a Seminary Prieſt, and a Suppoſed Proteſtant, at large.

An Exhortation to Biſhops.

WHEREUNTO

Is alſo annexed a Diſcourſe between a poor Man, and his Wife.

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THE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY:

I Hope I may without craving pardon for my presumption commend a few lines unto you: Its the manner of those that write Books to Dedicate them to such persons as either from whom they have received Favours, or Secondly, live at present in the sense and enjoyment of Favours received, or thirdly expect Favours for the future. There's a concurrence of all these in your Self, for first you bestowed your self upon me, which as *Solomon* speaking of a good wife, (saith) *She is a Price far above Rubies:* The Favours received among others were these, first you supported your self and three Children by the Milk of your own Breasts, when I was in restraint, Secondly when I have been surrounded and distressed with a Regiment of how-shall-I-does and what shall-I-does, I have found entertainment at your hands, especially by those two Inmates of yours that cohabit with you, those Ladies of Honour, I mean the Lady *Peace* and the Lady *Patience.* Thirdly, A Traveller told me that he was in a place called *Canida* some part of the West *Indies* where the Beares all the Winter when the ground was frozen and hard did lye in their Dens, and were preserved alive only by sucking, and licking of their Paws a very strange Providence: My self and four children have had a great part of our support this hard time,

by the licking of your fingers, I mean by the labours and endeavours of your hands and fingers. Fourthly, When I have been without imployment, and had the offer of severall Inns, which we might have kept; you would by no means hearken to that, telling me that there were several temptations attended that Calling, with which I might be overtaken; besides, that I was an ancient Man, your self a young Woman, and that you had nothing but your credit to carry you through the world, which might be impeached by that means, and therefore I must forbear that; next, whereas I had many small Calls to the Pulpit, some of them not exceeding eight pound *per annum*, some 26 *l.* nay 30 *l. per annum*, with my dyet, and the use of a Study of Books, where I might have been furnished with good store of Ware to have carried to the Shop, and much ado I had to keep my self out of the Pulpit, although it were no hard matter for me to stand Centinel two hours in a week in a Pulpit to say Sermons with as much ease as many do: your answer hath been; Husband, I might have been more happy in the world than to have had you, yet upon condition you will neither sell Ale nor Preach, I will be contented with my condition, although it should come to be but bread and water, and thus you laid me neck and heels together, and were instrumental to keep me both from *Pot* and *Pulpit*, which are the two last shifts many men undertake. I have one thing more to give you thanks for, you have born and brought me forth four Children in my latter dayes, the youngest whereof, although as yet not a quarter old, I would be loath to leave for the King of *Spains* Golden Mines at *Perein* or at *Potosey*; and what I shall expect for the future, is,

that

that you will be as good to me as formerly you have been, I deſire you not to be better, its impoſſible you ſhould; Nevertheleſſe, I ſhall blaze your infirmities to the world, and yet without beſmutting your Reputation, you can neither chide nor ſcold; and when you have had provocations thereunto, I have demanded of you how you could be ſilent; your anſwer hath been, I want wit, there are ſome men in the world could wiſh their wives were as witleſſe as your ſelf. Upon theſe Conſiderations, in token of my thankfulneſſe, I have commended this Paper unto you, it is an old piece which I met withall more than fourty years ſince, and learned by heart, and kept it in my head ſo long, and loſt very little of it, having not ſeen the Copy in all that time, I was reſolved at laſt to lay it ſomewhere elſe, and now bequeath it to you. You will ſay in reading of this little *Paper*, that the ſame things that were acted by the *Prelates* are acted with us at this day, and therefore may conclude that thoſe *Prelates* are ſtill alive, or elſe that there is a new reſurrection of them. No wife, not ſo; but you will find that the ſinners that lived in the firſt age of the world, have thoſe that reſemble them ſtill in their practiſes. As it was in the dayes of *Noah*, &c. As *Jannes* and *Jambres* withſtood *Moſes*, ſo do theſe alſo reſiſt the truth. And as the Child of the Bond-woman perſecutes the Son of the free, even ſo 'tis now, and ſo 'tis now: and this by reaſon of that enmity that is between the Seed of the Woman and the Serpent: The wind bloweth where it liſteth; by the wind Wiſe is meant you know the ſpirit. And thoſe *Prelates* are of thoſe Angels, or very much like them as ever they can look mentioned in the *Revelations*, that ſtand at

the

the four corners of the earth, holding the winds that they blow not, and that none may buy or ſell but they that receive the mark either in their hand or in their fore-head. I ſhall conclude my Epiſtle with the Marriners ſpeech who having been at Sea, and having met with a proſperous Voyage when he comes home, telling of it ſaith thus, *All this we did with a little Ship, and a great God:* I ſhall leave you and yours but a little of the world more than to each Child *Adams* Combe, I mean their fingers, which with Gods Bleſſing may prove a good Portion, yet as I hope ſhall leave both you and them in the everlaſting Armes of a great God, to whoſe Providence and Protection I commend you, which is the deſire of him who is

Your ever effectionate Husband,
Conſilio Juvans.

Reader, If thou ſee the Paper I have Commended unto my Wife, I hope thou wilt not be offended at it; Cannot a poor Man and his Wife talk together by the fire ſide but the world muſt be troubled at it? There are many Thouſand Families talk after this rate, *Hanc veniam petamuſque damuſque*, what leave I take, I'le afford thee to do as much, if thou art angry, who can help it; Farewell.

Rome

Rome for Good Newes,

OR,

Good Newes from Rome.

Proteſtant. WHat News Sr. *Shaveling*, hear you none,
You ſhould know ſome I think,
For many times if any ſtir,
You have it in the Clink.

Prieſt. Yea ſome, there is one *Hilderſham*
For that he thought not meet
To take the Inquiſition Oath
Was caſt into the *Fleet*.

Prot. Me thinks I ſhould well know the man
That's taken in the Lurch:
Is it not one doth what he can
To oppoſe the Romiſh Church?

Prieſt. Its he, but wote you, one that then
In high Commiſſion ſate,
In learned ſort in open Court
His fault did aggravate.
You'ld feign know how, I tell it now,
A number ſtanding by,
In ſober wiſe he doth adviſe,
And tells him this plainly.
That *Banbury* men were ſtiff at firſt,
Oh they would nothing do,
But now they would doe beſt and worſt,
And ſomething over too.

And you ſaid he will peeviſh be,
You'le in New Priſon lie,
And there perhaps ere long like *Bates*,
A Malefactor die.
Prot. What ſaid he thus, then had he quite
The poor mans Courage daſht,
But that he knew it was not true
His Lordſhip over-laſht.
For thus to ſpeak of worthy *Bates*,
How he was not afraid,
Inſtead of a Malefactor he,
A Martyr he ſhould have ſaid.
What though we are not ſo preciſe,
And little Scripture can,
We are perſwaded he lived well,
And died a faithful man.
Will *Turner* think you turn his Coate,
And ſay he cares not, what
Will *Sharp* of *Banbury* change his note,
And now go ſing a flat.
No *Turner* ſtood and heard his tale,
And was aſham'd to hear
The Biſhop vent ſuch foul untruths,
Without all ſhame or fear.
Prieſt. Well, true or falſe it matters not,
You ſee here's juſt occaſion,
Why we reſolve their Lordſhips have
A Catholique perſwaſion.
And truly they deſerve our Church,
Should yield them great applauſe,
In ſhew they much oppoſe indeed,
They much maintaine our cauſe.
What though they rate us now and then,
To give the State content,
And calls us Powder-plotting men,
That ſo we may be ſhent.
Though you and they do term us oft
The common adverſary,

Yet they and we do well agree,
We very little vary.
And though in outward policy,
They needs muſt make fair weather,
They know full well their cauſe and ours
Will ſtand or fall together.
With Puritans and Preachers all,
With moſt our Kingdom ſhake,
Accounting thoſe, our common foes,
They preſent order take.
Of ſuch Precifians what they can,
The Churches they diſarme,
And leave in Pulpit ſcarſe a man,
Will do us any harme.
Pro. Yes ſundry men ſoundly to tax
Your foul Idolatry,
Your Maſſe your Vows your Pilgrimage,
And Popes Supremacy.
Your Salt your Spittle, and your Cream,
Your kneeling to the Bread,
Your Sacrifice your Faſting dayes,
And prayers for the Dead.
Your calling on departed Saints,
Your Purgatory fire,
Strange Penance pardons Indulgence,
And ſuch like Popiſh mire.
Your Cenſing and Baptizing Bells,
Your Tapers and your Lights,
Your Croſſing holy Water Oyle,
And conjuring of Sprits.
Your Orders, Altars and perfumes,
Your Letany proceſſion,
Strange Language, lying Miracles,
Auricular confeſſion.
Your Church beliefe, your Merits,
Works of Supererrogation,
Your Cannonizing Traytorus Saints,
Your groſs Equivocation.

Your Singing Ringing Requiems,
Your Monthly minds your Feasts,
Your Legends Bulls babe frighting toys,
More base then *Skoginggs* jests,
Your pillar prayers reliques woods,
Your Curtsey knocking breasts,
Your false Communion kissing paxe
And keeping it in Chests.
Your Counsels, Cannons, decretals,
Decrees and mens Traditions,
Your Jewish Churchings and such like,
A thousand superstitions.
These are the Doctrines whereunto
Your practises do suite,
All which our Learned Clergy-men,
Do labour to confute.
Priest. In words 'tis true your Clergy-men
Our Doctrines do disclaime,
But who sees not therein they give
Themselves a privie maime.
We some time hear and well can bear,
You call our Doctrine dotage,
Provided though you do not eate,
Our meate you sup our Pottage.
What are our Ceremonies good,
And are our Doctrines naught,
In sense can these be practised
And not the other taught.
The blusters which your Doctours makes,
'Tis but a blast of breath,
There's in it no such danger 'tis,
No Dagger but a Sheath.
Themselves must sob and come and Crouch,
And cause to bow the knee,
When as they bid to take and eate,
The Bread as well as we.
They must put on our worthy weeds,
Cap, Tippet and Surplus,

And do such rites for which, what word,
Or Warrant but from us.
If any other should alledge
Alas he should but feigne,
And Coyn them from his own conceit,
Or from some others brain.
What orders have we, you have not,
I'le wage an hundred pounds,
Our Papacy your Prelacy,
Stands at the self same grounds.
You keep our Fasts and feastings days
You read our Leiturgy,
Our Cannons and your Laws from us,
You have your Ministry.
Your Churchings, Organs and your quire,
Your Letany containes,
Some worthy points whereof there is,
Not one of us complaines.
All points wherein we will accord
I cannot recken up,
On *Fishstreet* hill one gives the Bread,
But would not give the Cup.
One pleads in Pulpit for our faith,
Implicit and eare shrift,
And saith none kneelers must be damn'd,
They can it no way shift.
A third to prove you kneeling good,
Although it came from us,
Reads in our Mass book word for word,
And thence concludeth thus.
Here's *Sursam Corda* which saith he
We have from Popish write,
Our Church as good reteins and which,
Of us complains of it.
Some yet more cunningly concur,
In act and shun the name,
Like Usurers when as our work,
And worship is the same.

Our Robes muſt be your Ornaments,
Or for diſtinction ſake,
You muſt have honeſt burial,
And therefore prayers make.
Our Churchings are your giving thanks,
Strange Language ? Learning deep,
Inſtead of our proceſſion you,
Perambulations keep.
Our kneeling is your comlineſs,
Our Croſs in babes face,
Is now become your Chriſtian badge,
And no ſmall ſign of grace.
Our Images are portraitures,
Of men that do adorn,
Your Churches if you pull them down,
It hardly will be born.
If *Banbury* men will do there geere
I tro they have their doom,
Their orders are well ſtuffe I hear,
With welcome news to *Rome*.
Ye welcome news I hope ere this,
'Tis over all the Town,
Your Church men have no thority,
To thruſt our pictitures down.
Your homily ſaith they defile,
wherein it ſeems to lye,
This order writes another Style,
To wit they beautifie.
And ſo concludes that who ſo doth,
them moliſh or deface,
Is juſtly cenſured as one,
That doth profane the place.
What practice we ? that you do not,
Have we Stews, you have ſtage,
Blaſpheme we ? you have Lotery,
Maintain'd with wrong and rage,
Pardon we, faults you let forth fees,
For filthineſſe to farme,

The ſtrumpet poor muſt penance pay,
The rich hath no ſuch harm.
Sometime indeed for very need,
The ſilly ſtand in ſheet,
When with bare breaſt and head bare dreſt
The ſilken walk in ſtreet.
In brief what ere may be the fruit
Of all your tollerations,
Our penance pardons indulgence,
And other diſpenſations.
The ſame is of your puniſhing
Of ſin by ſheet or purſe,
Your fees for abſolution,
Your Canons Court and Curſe.
Nay further name a ſin who can
That any doth commit,
But your conformity will breed,
Or feed and foſter it.
Ah ha Sir *Large*, how like you this?
Did he not ſay the troth,
That ſaid you would ſoon eat our meat,
That thus fell to our broth.
Where are the thouſand men become,
That ſought for reformation,
Doct. Ravis. A rare bird with his heady book,
Soon wrought their deſolation.
Ho! they'ld have ſuperſtition down,
Dumb Miniſters ſuppreſt,
They would have no non reſidente,
Each paſtor flock muſt feed,
And yet have but due recompence,
Here were a world indeed.
They'l'd no commendam's have, they'l'd no
Pluralities permit,
They ſhout at Rovers, yet how right
Theſe *Oxford* heads they hit.
They would have mended many things
In Common-prayer-book.

In fine they would have Diſcipline,
Which none of us can brook.
'Tis Diſcipline, I ſay't again,
That we cannot abide,
And have therein all formal men
And Prelates on our ſide.
And newters our Religion like,
And civil men no doubt,
Yet ſhould it come to parting wealth,
It's fear'd they would ſtand out.
They would join cloſe for Houſe and State,
For Countrey, Children, Wives,
It's thought they would not part with theſe,
But jointly venture lives.
'Tis this, heark in your ear a word,
That puts us to our pauſe,
That we try not by dint of Sword
the goodneſs of our cauſe.
Proteſ. Avaunt you peeviſh plotting Prieſt,
You Jaylor keep him ſure,
And hear him longer they that liſt,
I will it not endure.
See how he hath the bloody minds
Of Popiſh crew diſcry'd,
More meet their cauſe by Princes Lawes
At *Tyburn* ſhould be try'd,
And are our Prelates Popiſh then,
I thought they had been wiſe,
I took them for good Proteſtants,
Though none of them preciſe.
Oft have I heard a ſpeech, it is
No leſs a juſt complaint,
Of Prieſts and Papiſts liberty,
And *Puritans* reſtraint;
I mean ſuch as thoſe Imps do tearm,
That means of grace withſtand,
And under that pretence moleſt
The quiet of the Land:

This Practiſer diſſembles not,
Whom Papiſts mean to ſtrike,
He tells us plainly whom the Pope
And Prelates love alike?
He brings to mind an adage old,
Which once I ſaw in verſe,
It's not ſo new or old as true,
I will it here rehearſe;
Lord Biſhops make dumb Miniſters,
Whence ignorance doth ſpring,
Hence Popery, thence Treachery,
'Gainſt Countrey, State and King.
Why ſtay I thus, and preſently
Betake me not to Court,
And in the ears of Prince and Peers
This Conference report.
Is Princes life ſo little worth,
Is Countreys love ſo cold,
Shall Wives and Children be to Sword,
As ſheep to ſlaughter ſold;
Much better true Church Rule were ſought,
That thoſe things might be ſtaid,
Then Popery or Prelacy,
That favours it endur'd;
We ſhall be counted Puritans,
Too ſtrict men ſcrepulous,
Better we wrongfully ſo tearm'd,
Then juſtly treacherous.
Who ever heard that ſuch as ſtand
For Chriſts true Diſcipline,
In Popiſh Plot had head or hand
In treacherous deſign;
Intreat we then His Majeſty,
The Prelates may reſtore
To the Church her ancient Pariſh Right,
Uſurping it no more;
Its this you ſee would daunt our foes,
Our Friends would gratifie,

Our State ſecure judgments remove,
And bleſſing multibly;
But if we walking as before,
Chriſts Diſcipline withſtand,
Some fearfull Plague and judgement ſure
Will overtake the Land;
The Lord hath ſent his meſſengers,
But we have them diſgrac'd,
His Prophets mockt, his Miniſters
Suſpended and dis'placed;
Some are diſperſt, others deſpis'd,
In Priſon ſome remain,
Some ended have their dayes in bands,
Whoſe blood doth yet Complain;
Their Wives and Children here and there
Expos'd to miſery,
No marvel if ere long we hear,
There's now no remedy;
But let's have theſe reſtor'd,
Let no dumb Miniſters be made,
Let ſuch as have crept in, return
Unto their former Trade;
Let learned *Hilderſham* go forth,
Who knows him, knows 'twere meet
He Preaching were, not Priſoner
In Kings-beneh or the *Fleet*;
Let other more be ſet at large,
Let *Aſhby* men be gone,
Let *Leiceſter* men have their diſcharge.
Let *Banbury* men alone;
Down with that curſed Office-Oath,
Let Ceremonies ceaſe,
Unjuſt ſubſcription, ſcourge of truth,
And bane of Churches Peace;
The things their Patrons count but toyes,
Lets baniſh hence with ſpeed,
Let learned men, not formal boyes,
Be ſet the Flock to feed.

In brief, let's all ſubmit to Chriſt
Our Prophet, Prieſt and King,
At's this t'our Countrey, State and ſelves,
In the end will ſafety bring;
But as for thoſe that be his foes;
And will not have him raign,
In wofull plight into his ſight,
They ſhall be brought and ſlain.

An Exhortation to Biſhops.

Come down ye Biſhops, fear a fall,
Your Kingdom 'gins to ſhake,
The hand is writing on the wall,
Which makes your knees to quake;
Your Buildings like a tottering wall,
The ground-works laid in ſand,
Come down it will take *Babels* fall,
Sure long it cannot ſtand;
Your Language is confounded ſure,
Ye wote not what to ſay,
And yet to build up *Babels* Tower,
You ſtill bring Clods of Clay;
But all this while you patch and piece
With paltry ſtuff indeed,
So that in th'end the mark you'le miſs,
When you hope beſt to ſpeed;
It is not *Jeroboams* Calves
Can ſave you I am ſure,
Nor yet your cruel Canon Lawes,
Can make your Kingdom dure;
You have deprived many a man,
For breaking mens Decrees,
But for the Lawes of God not one,
That doth his living leeſe;
How can this ſtand with equity?
Reſolve me this I pray,

To maintain Guides that cannot see,
And thruſt the good away,
For let him be the vileſt wretch,
That lives under the Sun,
If he will wear a Surplice,
And Croſs the Child with Thumbe,
He is countenaneed ſtill by you,
Much better than the beſt,
If this prove not to be too true,
Then let me have no reſt.
You ſell moſt foul adulteries,
For Silver and for Gold,
The poor muſt crouch upon his knees,
By you to be abſolv'd;
And ſometimes you bleſs Jack for Gill,
If Silver do appear,
If not, then ſometime ſay you will,
Poor knave what doſt thou here;
You think to have your Heaven here,
And after Heaven too,
But I can tell you in your ear,
That will be much adoe;
For you be grown ſo monſtrous great,
Even now a dayes of late,
That it will go hard for you to get
In at the Narrow Gate;
Wherefore me thinks 'twere beſt,
If you could ſo agree,
To let your hearts have now no reſt,
Till you unladen be
Of all this Pomp and glorious train,
Which cauſed God to frown,
Which ſin of yours he doth ſo hate,
That ſure you muſt come down;
For ſure the Word of God is
True, and do it not forget,
He will pluck up, I ſay to you,
Thoſe plants he never ſet,

But prethee Husband, seeing the seminary Priest tels the Protestant, that we had these things from them, how may it appear?

Sabellicus Platina.

Wife, History reports it, *Pius Primus* brought the conjured font into the Roman Church, *Anno* 547. in a most fearful manner, as I read in the old Church Rubrick.

Sabellicus Platina. Exorcizote Creatura salis & aquæ per Deum vivum & Sanctum, &c.

Pope *Higanus* brought in Godfathers and Godmothers in the year 143.

Pope *Adrian* brought in the white linnen Surplice in the year 769.

Pope *Zacharias* brought in Priests Garments, Copes, and Vestments, horned Caps, and that none but hallowed Garments should be used.

Pope *Telesphorus* ordained Lent to be kept seven weeks before Easter.

Pope *Higinus* hallowed Churches or Temples.

Pope *Calistus* Church-yards.

Pope *Honorius* in the year 1214. brought in kneeling at the Sacrament.

Pope *Nicholas* forbid Marriage in Lent, and other set times.

Pope *Calistus* the Imbring daies for Fasts four times in the year.

Pope *Silvester* the first added Wednesdaies, Fridaies, and Saturdaies weekly.

Pope *Innocent* put unto the former the Apostles Eves; The Saints and Angels were beholding to those Reverend Fathers, for hallowing their daies.

For generally all the Saints and Angels found such favour with Pope *Boniface*, that they had not only a Catholick holy day called *Allhallows*, but a famous Temple in *Rome*, once dedicated to all the Devils called *Pantheon*, was turned by this Holy Father into the name of *Maria Rotunda*, and consecrated to the B. Virgine, and all Martyrs. *Boniface* the eighth shewed like honour to the four Evangelists. Pope *Sabinian* ordained bells to call the people together to Divine Service: vertue attributed to bells: first, to preserve the Fruits of the Earth; secondly, to drive away the evil will of our enemies; thirdly, to expel storms, Tempests, Thundrings, Lightnings; fourthly, to drive away

Spirits and Devils; and therefore it is that the Custom is continued in many places, as yet to ring as they call it the passing bell, when a man or woman is dying. Pope *Felix* the third made holy the day of the Arch-angel *Michael*. Pope *Damasus* as Writers say, added to the Psalms, *Glory be to the Father*, &c. and to be sung in turn, as the Church of *England* yet useth. Pope *Witalianus* brought in the Organs to make up the Musick, in the year 653. Pope *Gelasius* brought in prick-song. Pope *Gregory* plain song. Pope *Vitalianus* descant.

Pope *Clement* the first brought in Confirmation of Children by Bishops, *Anno* 310. *Melciades* succeeding him, said, it was a more worthy Sacrament than the Sacrament of Baptism. Pope *Anastasius* brought in (as VVriters say) standing at the Gospel, in the year 404. Pope *Damasus* enjoyned *Hierome* to make an Order of Service for Churches, and how many Psalmes and prayers should be said on every day, *&c.* which being done, the Pope commanded all Churches should use that Order, and no other. And a much like exploit was performed by the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and his brethren, as Master *Fox* reports in King *Edwards* daies: and coninues still by the Convocation-house. I shall omit some things, one Pope put the *Pater noster* into the Masse, and commanded it to be sung. Pope *Marcus* would have the *Nicene* to be sung after the Gospell. Pope *Anacletus* would have the priest and the people to salute one another in Service time; and therefore appointed the one to say, *The Lord be with you*, and the other to say, *And with thy Spirit*. Pope *Sergius* put in at the Sacrament, *O Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the World, have mercy upon us.* Pope *Symachus* added the Hymne, *Glory be to God on high.* The other Popes brought in their parts and patched together the Lethany or Lithurgy, out of which the Service-book is taken. Pope *Leo* as some affirm brought in Infant-baptism about 300. years after Christ.

Pope *Pascalus* decreed Tythes in the year 827. Pope *Urbanus* ordained *Canterbury* to be the chief patriarchal Seat. Many things of this nature I shall omit at present, as also the names of the several Authors who writ of them; but I hope Wife you will believe me.

Hus-

Husband, if these things came from *Rome*, tell me what the Reverend Dean and Doctor *W.* meant, when he said, *We bless thee Lord for the solemnities of the Church.*

Truly Wife, as far as I conceive the Formalities and Ceremonies of the Church now in use: but I can tell you what an old Non-conformist would express in his prayer, *Lord purge thy Church of all the Remnants & Reliques of Popery, Idolatry & Superstition, which do but adulterate thy worship, & cause the sacrifice and oblation to be abominable in thy sight, and take away those things which do but contaminate the Consciences of thy people, & are but as botches and blains in the face of thy Spouse:* This man was a sufferer, necessitated sometimes to leave the Nation, never changing his Judgement. But this Doctor being sometimes a Clark in the Convocation-house, made a handsome well-pen'd Speech against some formalities, and was accounted a young Puritan, and was called to the Bar, and to his knees too, but had a Friend. But now his narrow silken throat is grown wider, he can sup Ceremonies, yea and swallow a fat Parsonage, a Prebendship, and a Deanry, and never keck at it. I have seen him in his formalities, that if he had worn bells on his Legs, you would rather have taken him for a Maide-marrian in a Morrice dance than a Minister, and with us much contempt cast upon him, as ever I saw upon a man in a Pulpit. indeed, he saith, he doth it to come as near *Rome* as he can, under pretence of drawing them to his religion, for that end he hath now put himself into the Suburbs, and it is supposed by many that he wil be as easily perswaded to come to live in the City, as he shal perswade the Romanists to come to live in the Suburbs. One thing I took from the mouth of an honest Countrey man of his, which was the Doctors Speech thus, *That it was a lesser sin for a man to kil his father, than for a man in regard of the ceremonies, to refrain coming to Divine service established in the Church of England*; the one was the killing of a particular person, the other made a breach in the mystical body of Christ. but this I shall only say, O Doctor, Doctor, *quæ te dementia cepit*, what madness hath possest thee, remember from whence thou art fallen.

What that is I know not, he puts so many simples in the confection.

Hus-

Husband, I would be satisfied in one thing concerning this Divine service, how it came to be imposed, how came it up at first.

Guliel Durandus. The first that ever I read of was Pope *Damasus*, who enjoined *Hierom* to mak an Order or service for Churches, and appoint what prayers should be said on every day, *&c.* and how many *Psalmes*, &c. which being doue, the Pope commanded all Churches should use that service, and none other; and the like was performed by the Archbishop and his brethren in King *Edwards* dayes, as Mr. *Fox* reports, and stil continued by the Convocation-house as at this day.

Object. But did not the Lord give forms of blessings, prayers, and *Psalms*, &c. therefore, why may not the prelates do the like?

I tel thee what I shal say, Dost think *Ieroboham* had so slender a reason for his golden Calves? God gave a Law by *Moses*; therefore there may a Law be given by the bishops: the Apostles wrote a New Testament, or Gospel; therefore the Convocation-house may write a Testament or Gospel, if the prophets practise will bear them out in the one, I see no reason why it should not bear them out in the other; and let them if they can shew where any of the Apostles made any forms of prayer, and imposed on other Churches; neither did I ever hear any man stand for Common-prayer, that had the spirit of prayer.

'Twere other passages I heard you speak of the Doctors.

I did so, the one was, we thank the Lord for, the reformation, he might rather have called it a regradation, for as the Sun went back ten degrees in the dayes of *Ezekiah* by the Sun-dial of *Ahaz*, so we in *England* according to an outward appearance are gone back ten degrees by the Sun-shine of the Gospel of Christ. *Fascicu. temp.* And whereas you told us that on Fryday next you shal have the Feast of St. *Michael* the Archangel, which day is to be kept holy by the appointment of the Church of God; I suppose he means *Rome* to be the Church of God, because pope *Felix* the third ordained and appointed that holy day.

What meant our Reverend Diocesan, when after one year of his being our Diocesan, and had not preacht two Sermons, he told us they were our spiritual fathers; *Paul* saith, that al-

though

though you have many Instructors, I have begotten you; indeed, if the *Patriarch* had told us how many thousands of pounds he and the rest of his brethren of the Cloyster had gotten he had said something; but let him or any of his brethren say and speak truth, that since I came to this place or City, the Lord hath blest my labours; for such a poor Soul came to me, and told me, that the Lord had by my Ministry made him to see how that he was a most vile wretched sinner, and under the wrath of God; which if they can, as I am confident they cannot, Ile submit and do penance in a White Surplice, which is as base as in a White Sheet.

In the next place, now Wife we wil talk a word of our own Reverend Dean; he saith that we must worship in the Temple, at the Temple, and going from the Temple; and speaking of the several Gates to Heaven, he told us that Baptism was Infants Gate; you need not question the truth of it, seeing it appears to be plainly expresst in the Church Catechism. To his Temple worship I shall say nothing, because he is supposed to be a Mongrel *Papist*; but I cannot but admire that Baptism should be Infants Gate into Heaven, and so much the more for that, when they are there they do not stay there scarce one in an hundred, but out they come tumbling, and by the fruit they bring with them speak evil of that good land: but this I can say of him, that he is a great admirer and lover of fish on Fasting-dayes, and eats no other flesh, and there is some reason for it, *Durandus* renders it; why fish is more holy than flesh, because God curst the earth, but never curs'd the water.

Husband, another of our Doctors cryes out against Sacriledge, what's that?

Ile tell thee Wife, as they account it, a robbing of the Church, and so by consequence as they would maintain it, a robbing of God; but they never tell how the Church first rob'd the poor Countrey, by telling them that it was a meritorious-work, promising them to fetch souls out of *Purgatory*. *Henry* the third was pressed by his Clergy, and hookt in to grant liberally unto them, and by his *Magna Charta* saith thus; *Henry by the grace of God King of England, &c. To all Archbishops, Bishops, &c. Know ye that to the honour of God, and the salvation of my Soul,*

and

and the Souls of my Progenitors and Successors, do give and grant, &c. An easie piece of matter to cheat both King and Nobles, as my Author saith, when neither of them could write or read. And *Richard Wetherhead* alias *Wethershead* Archbishop of *Canterbury* by a Provincial Constitution, it was forbidden to all Physitians to administer any Physick to a sick person upon pain of excommunication, until the Priest had first shrived him for his sins; (although his condition was ever so desperate.) The pretence was to physick his Soul first, but the intent was to get a Collop out of his estate: Surely, he that would not have the hire of an Harlot to be brought into his house, will never accept of such lands and goods thus cheated to be imployed in his service; but most sure it is, that God doth not accept of any thing that he doth; neither requite nor command: But we know these fellowes came but to fill their bellies, and if the means were gone, they'le be like Bagg-pipes when the wind is out they tattle no longer.

Husband, you know they are accounted but Fanatiques and Schismatiques that speak against those men or their practises, you have been in some trouble already, medle not with their Cathedral service and things, which as they say are for decency.

Wife, for my fathers sake I shall not, because its next my fathers Religion, he being a Roman Catholique; and yet for the poor Jews sake I am not willing to be silent, its a bad requital for the prayers they put up for us Gentiles, *Cant.* 8. ver. 8. *we have a little sister, and she hath no breasts; what shall we do for our sister in the day that she shall be spoken for?* See what a stumbling block we cast before them; we tell the Jew that all the Ceremonies of the Mosaical Law were abrogated by the coming of Christ; he will argue thus, Why may not we use those Types and Ceremonies instituted by *Moses* at Gods command, as well as you to make use of those Ceremonies instituted by several Popes, which you say were Antichrists Christs utter enemy? Ask the Ceremoniaster or the Ceremonimaster what he can say to that. But as for accounting others Fanatiques, they are the greatest Fanatiques themselves, who leaving the sacred Scripture, which are the rule of life, doctrine and discipline, and set up the traditions of men, whereas his Worship must be as his Word

Word is, ſincere *quaſi ſine cera*, without mixture or compoſition of humane invention, and is forbidden by the ſecond Command, as *William Glouceſter* Biſhop, ſaith; And then what can you ſay for your Cathedral ſervice? Wife you know that neither praiſes nor prayers are accepted with him unleſs they be the fruit of his own ſpirit. Jeſus Chriſt takes the Odours which are the prayers of the Saints, and preſents them to his Father; if not acceptable, they muſt needs be abominable. Do you think that Jeſus Chriſt will take the bawling ſqueling voices of ſinging men and boyes, together with the grunting ſqueking noiſe of the Biſhops Pigs, I mean the Organs, and preſent them with reverence be it ſpoken: he will aſſoon accept of a pair of Bag-pipes, for its all but Wind-Muſick. Neither do I think that the *Boy* who in *Pauls* lately got near unto the Organs with an inſtrument of Horn in his fiſt called a Cats-call, with which he tuned Mew Mow (was much to be blamed) who being obſerved by ſome, would now and then duck down his head and toot again, I conceive there was no reaſon why they ſhould be angry with him; for they pretended to religious worſhip which the boy did not, therefore leſs ſinful. Secondly, he made ſome as merry as the Organs made others.

And whereas they ſay that ſome things are for decency.

I'le tell thee Wife, there are a ſort of the female ſex, who are Mercenary, (as I have heard) and they are called *Hackney* Whores, but in ſome Countries are called Curtizans, and they are known by their habits as they walk in the ſtreet; If I ſhould ſee thee in the habit of a Curtizan, be it as decent as may be, it would make my crooked Noſe warp on the other ſide in my old age, and for all thy profeſſion of love to me, take thee but for a Concubine. To ſee that goodly Matron the Church of *England* profeſſing love to the Lord Chriſt, and him to be her Head and Husband, and yet to put on the habit of an old Whore, an old Whore, *an old Whore*, I can account her but for a Concubine at the beſt, and ſhe makes many of her Sons this day almoſt aſhamed to call her Mother. The Apoſtles care was to preſent the Church a pure Virgin; Sure I am, that thoſe botches in her face are no beauty ſpots: Nay, ſhe is now going to perſecute a viſible Mark of Antichriſt: And the Divel is now turn'd Scul-

lian, and is now going to skowring, to make ſome Souls brighter and better; for that end he hath put himſelf into a White Surplice and in a pair of Lawn Sleeves, but by that time he hath done his work, he will make his White Surplice and his Lawn Sleeves as black as himſelf; as old as I am I may live to ſee it.

Husband, I would ask thee but one queſtion about the ſin of wearing Hats, which they ſo much condemn.

Wife, I'le tell thee, Geſtures and Veſtures have antiently been the work of the Convocation-houſe, next unto the Trade of Net-making, which holds good to this day; for now they make the Meſhes of the Net ſo narrow, that a man cannot get through with a good Conſcience, unleſſe he leave that behind him, but the Divel will be ready to help him, firſt by telling him that it were better to yield than that the Benefit which others might have by his Miniſtry ſhould be loſt; ſecondly, that in regard of his relations, his Wife and Children that have dependance on him; or thirdly, that it may be he hath gotten a little money or means, 'twill quickly be gone. True it is, Prelacy may be down, but yet it may ſtand long enough to ſee him ſpend all he hath, and thus he will pull him by the ears, eſpecially if it be ever a whit a good living, but he will have him through. A Boy was ſeen to offer a Candle to the Picture of the Divel which was drawn behind the door, one demanded wherefore he did it, he anſwered I do not know what need I may have of him; friends, if you have need to uſe him he will be very ready to ſerve you without a Candle, he can doe his work in the dark; for nothing but meerly for your Souls ſake, and he will be as curteous to you as he hath been to *Br.* —— he will make ſuch a Gapp in your Conſcience, that a buſh of Thorns may be drawn through forward and backward, and never prick it. The worſt of it is, that two buſhes will hardly ſtop it again. Look you to that.

But good Wife, I am an old Man, and we have two little boys, if I die and you ſurvive me, prethee put neither of them two an Apprentice to that Trade of Net-making, if you ſhould, before they have ſerved half their time, their Maſters will break or give over, and then they muſt be turned over to *Rome* to ſerve the reſt of their time, into which they have made ſuch a fair pro-

progreſs here; but, that's not all, I have no mind to that Trade, I had much rather you would put them *Apprentices* to a Sweep-Chimney, that's a Trade newly come in faſhion, and its like to hold as long as they live, I do not know whether it may out-live its ſifters Contribution and Exciſe. But that's not all yet neither, Wife, I am now very ſerious with you, it entrencheth and encroacheth very much upon that incomparable *Magna Charta* that was made by the greateſt Monarch that ever ſway'd Scepter: Sealed with his own moſt pretious blood, and who accounted it great dignity to be ſtiled King of Saints, and is aprointed thereunto of his Father, *Pſal.* 2. and whoſe Father is God over all, bleſſed for ever: in this *Magna Charta* are Recorded his Prerogatives Royal, one of them is to make Lawes for his Subjects, and thoſe Lawes are as abſolutely perfect as himſelf, and his Subjects for their Souls have but that one onely Lawgiver, and his Laws for duration of time hold until he make a new *Magna Charta* never to be Repealed by any Act or Acts of men: In this *Magna Charta* are Recorded likewiſe his Subjects Priviledges, their Immunities and Freedoms, being not confined to any circumſcript place to Worſhip him in, ſo that they Worſhip him in Spirit, and in Truth, Its their Priviledge to meet as occaſion may ſerve, to hear his Word, to Pray, to Communicate and participate of his Ordinances according to the Dictates and Commands of the ſaid *Magna Charta*; he hath alſo his Officers Recorded in this *Magna Charta*, Paſtors, Teachers, Elders. Here come now a ſort of fellowes, whence I know not, ſome ſay from *Rome*, ſome ſay they are Chips of *Jeroboams* Block, others ſay they are of thoſe Angels that ſtand at the four corners of the earth, to hold the winds that they blow not, ſome ſay that they are of thoſe Locuſts that come out of the bottemleſſe pit, indeed they ſmell pitifully of the ſmoak of ignorance; well Wife, let them come from whence they will come, ſure I am, they are a company of mad fellowes of them; for the firſt thing they doe, they pick a quarrel with the King concerning the Government that is upon his ſhoulders, and his Kingdome that ſhall have no end; and as Whores, when they fall together by the ears, the firſt thing they do they make at the head, and off goes the Coyf or Head-geer;

ſo do theſe, the firſt blow they give is at the head, and off goes his Crown and Dignity, its but a trick of the old Whore, and un King him by taking away his prerogative-Royal, annihilating and making of no validity his Lawes, and by their actions in effect charging him thus, That he is an imperfect King, inſufficient for Government, wanting wiſdom to rule and that his Lawes are very imperfect, like the Nouns *Heteroclites, in quæ genus*, ſome ſuperant, others deficient, ſome have too much in them, ſome too little, and therefore they have other Lawes of humane invention, which will ſerve their turn better, and by them they hope to keep their Revenues, and find themſelves ſomewhat to do; for nothing do nothing have, and ſo fall to perſecute (which as we ſay in a Countrey Proverb) is as natural to them as for a Calf to ſuck Milk.

And now Wife, prethee tell me, are not theſe a parcel of pretty fellows, I believe you'le ſay as I ſay anone; but tell me VVife, whence had they doſt think this their form of Government at firſt?

Indeed Husband I do not know, whence ſay you?

I do imagine Wife where they had it, heark a word in your ear, becauſe no body ſhall know what we ſay: [*I do think the Devil brought it over Sea in his Placket, for it ſmells very Romiſh, and hath a ſtrong tatch o'th old Whore.*] But of that not a word more good Wife.

Well Wife, now wee'le ſpeak a word concerning thoſe that ſpeak in his Name, ſome of them they ſuſpend, impriſon, they put the Conſciences of others in the Stocks, and unleſs they will ſet up their poſts by Gods poſts, and their Threſholds by Gods Threſholds of which the Lord complaineth by *Ezekiel*, the Ordinances of men by the Ordinances of God they ſhall not ſpeak in his Name, unleſs they will firſt give the people a little Frith Froth, Riff Roff, Slibber Slobber, Whiſh Wayſh; ſuch ſtuff in the guts, being ſo windy, would quickly endanger and cauſe the *Ilia capatio*, and make the Carkaſs of a poor Soul look like *Prometheus* ſacrifice, skin and bone without fleſh; againſt which there is an Antipathy in the Souls of thoſe that look for the bread of Life.

Next they come to ſuch Aſſembles of the Kings Subjects, where they meet to Worſhip him, and take away both their privi-

priviledges and their persons, or by their means they are so dealt withal contrary to the *Magna Charta* of their great King, *Kings-bench*, *Dedford*, *Bridewell*, *Gate-house*, *Newgate* and other prisons will testifie it; but none in *Bedlam*. One saith, that when the Devil shewed our Saviour all the Kingdoms of the earth, he never shewed him *Ireland*, he kept that for himself: Surely, these fellows keep *Bedlam* for themselves, the fittest place for such mad fellows; *Bedlamites* let them be then.

But Husband, you have almost forgotten the Text, you were speaking a word about the sin of wearing Hats.

No Wife, I was something long in speaking a word of small Consolation to those that were of the house of Convocation, *I* remember we were speaking of the sin of wearing Hats in Sermon time, a Cap of Linnen or woollen is as tollerable as the Doctours silk Cap, and if a Wollen Cap may be worn, why may not the Felt-maker make him as well as the Taylour? Being both species of the same *Genus*, both made of wool, the sin must be then in the breedes or brimms, which being cut off, the sin is done away. I know they draw an argument (*a pari*) thus, If men shew such reverence to an Ambassadour that is sent from an earthly Prince, how much more to an Ambassador that is sent from the King of Kings: First, this is not generally so, for in some Countreys as in *Russia* and other Countreys, if you put off your Hat to salute they'le go nigh to stab, taking it for a jeer; and the French preach with their Hats on; if a man put not off his Hat, its no breach of any Law, their being no Statute for it, men do it out of civility to an ambassadour, it being a Custom; and if a man keep on his Hat in Sermon time, its no sin, because there is no prohibition, if it be not the custom of the place I see no reason why the Preacher should beget a custom, seeing he hath no Warrant from the word. But to prove that they are sent, & are Ambassadours from the King of Kings, here they'l have a hard tugg on't, let them prove their Mission or Sending, I know how they are called just as Hoggs to the Troughs; the Maid comes and puts the meat in the Trough the piggs it may be are grasing in the pastures or Commons, she takes the pail, jumbles and knock it from side to side against the Trough, and calls them upon the report of the pail, away

they

they come as fast as they can creep through Hedges, tumble over the little Pigs in their way, or out-run them, and to the Troughs they come, and from one Trough to another, leaving it may-be a little in the bottom for the little Piggs that come after; Even so when they hear the report that such a Deanry, Prebendship or fat Parsonage is fallen, they take Horse and away they ride Post as fast as they can, out-run some of their lesser fellows from one living to another, until they have gotten two or three livings, & then they'le deal kindly with the Devil, they'le serve in one place, let the Devil take t'other, or send one in his place that shall do the Devil as little hurt as himself, who shall live by the Lickings of the Trough; those in some places are called Rats, in other places Curates: And upon this riding Post, the question arose of the two Creatures which were most miserable, Horses or Asses; it was determined, Horses; because they were many times rod Post to get livings for Asses; but these fellows can swallow a great deal of Popish trash, Towers and Steeples, and yet cannot endure that a man should sit with his Hat on: Wife, prethee, are they not favoured like those Hypocrites our Saviour speaks of, *That strein at a Knat, and swallow a Camel?*

But cannot they, Husband, prove their Mission or Sending from the Bishop?

Yes Wife, they can, thus, according as it is in the Book of Orders, after the Priest (for so the Book of Orders stiles them) hath promised the Bishop due Reverence and Obedience; the Bishop puts his hand on his head, and saith, *Receive the holy Ghost, whose sins ye remit, &c. be thou a faithful dispensour of the Word:* Here he shews himself to be Christ, or rather Anti-Christ, who sits in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God, when the poor Patriarch could give no more then did hang on his fingers, when he laid them on the Priests head. What say you wife, is not this pretty stuff, that ever any man in a day after so much light breaking forth, should be brought under such *Egyptian* blindness, and as they are that make them, so are they that are made by them: But stay a little Wife before we go to Bed, for our Candle begins to grow short, we must not let this go so.

The Bishop himself, whence ere he come, God never sent him;

him; for God never ſent a man and puts him upon impoſſibilities; the word is no more, as is commonly known, than Overſeer to overſee his Flock, to be diligent to know the ſtate of the Flock, to viſit the ſick, to preach the Word in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon: Theſe are part of his duties belonging to his Office, theſe things are impoſſible for his Lordſhip to perform; and therefore we muſt ſend him to look another Maſter, that ſends him on his Errand.

Wee'le talk a little of his duty for Preaching that he doth not; for he neither preacheth in ſeaſon nor out of ſeaſon, or very ſeldom, nay moſt of them preaching down preaching, and ſome of the fraternity ſpeaking contemptuouſly and jeeringly againſt thoſe that preach twice in a day, ſaying, that they are like *Virgils* Cow that *bis venit ad mulctram*, came twice in a day to the Pail, indeed, they come but ſeldom to the Pail, and when they do come, 'tis a poor quantity of thin geer they give, let it ſtand, there will be no Cream on't, they were as good kick it down, for they put ſome bitter thing or other in it like wormwood, which is good in beer but not in Milk, and rub the breaſt with it, and wean the Children apace; ſome ſuch Milk the Dean of *Norwich* lately gave, which made both Man and Owle admire him; for in his Sermon at *Norwich* preaching againſt preaching and long prayers, which ſome made, as he ſaid, an Ell long, and which, as he ſaid, he was aſſured, was of no Divine Inſtitution; whereat an Owl ſtanding or flying over his head, Hemm'd him up with a note of admiration, crying, Hoo, Hoo, Hoo. What Milk that was that the Biſhop of *Liechfield* and *Coventry* gave down about the midſt of *May*, as fruitful a ſeaſon as they ear affords what Milk that was I do not know, for he in the Adminiſtration of pope *Clements* Ordinance, pope *Melciades* Sacrament, delivered it to the blew coate boyes, among the reſt to one *John Hurſt* a Limner whoſe Mother dwels at the *Swan* in *Newgate-Market*, who could never ſpeak nor hear; he poured it in at their ears, with which they made their confeſſion of Faith, for they never open'd their lips; and which is to be admired, how the Biſhop could confirm them in Faith, that had none, or if they had it was more than he knew.

Certified in a Letter to London from a very good hand.

The

The worſt on't is, if any give better Milk, thoſe curſt kine will endeavour to kick it down, or ſtrike down the poor Creature that gave it. I could wiſh thoſe curſt kine ſhort horns.

VVife, being time to go to bed, we will talk no more to night, but leave till another time, and then we will begin with *Magna Charta*, and talk over three or four ſheets more. Good Husband you take the Child and the Candle, Ile take the VVarming-pan and ſome Coles, and ſo to Bed.

Read the two lines, But this, &c. *in Folio 7. after 27 lines.*

But this our Doctours, Proctours could
In no wiſe well digeſt.

Read VVhy do we, &c. *in Folio 9. after 16 lines.*

VVhy do we not that would be thought
Good Subjects in requeſt,
Firſt to the Lord, then to the King,
Theſe things may be redreſt.

FINIS.